

Pamphlet put out
by the herb=doctor of
Philadelphia



READ THIS PAMPHLET,

PUT OUT BY THE

HERB DOCTOR OF PHILADELPHIA.

He has opened an office in New York, in Broome street, No. 266, east of the Bowery, where all his medicines may be obtained.

The office is open every day, from seven in the morning until nine o'clock at night.

You are requested by the HERB DOCTOR to come to his

DISPENSARY,

At No. 4 South Seventh St., near Market,

WEST SIDE.

He wishes to do you good, to heal your diseases, remove your pains, and make your diseased, emaciated frame to glow with health. If there is any one fully capable of doing this, it is him; it is *there*, to *his* place, the thousands go, who, in different parts of the country are gathering herbs, roots, barks, &c. They all flock to him with their herbs, these healing gifts of nature. He has several hands employed, and is constantly preparing many hundred kinds of medicines suited to the numerous diseases man is afflicted with. Full sixteen years has he devoted all his time in endeavouring to find and prepare remedies for man's relief. He has been wonderfully blessed in this praiseworthy labour. In the hands of a higher power, he has been the humble instrument of curing thousands. Every day, almost every hour, he hears of one and another cured by his remedies. He is convinced, (there is not the shadow of a doubt upon his mind,) he has ocular demonstration of the fact every day, that the Consumption, that dreadful scourge, which has slain more than even war itself, can be cured. Though hosts of physicians say the contrary, he repeats, it can be cured, but not by *mineral treatment*. That Being in whom we live, provided for man the all-sufficient remedy, and placed it within his reach. It is found among the herbs which grow in such rich abundance. From among them the Herb Doctor obtained this remedy.

Fourteen years ago he had the disease himself; he was very bad; had a dreadful cough; and was fast wasting away with its very alarming symptoms; was so reduced as not to be able to sit up; nor did he think, without a favourable change, that he could live one month. He tried the herbs, the pure Heaven-created Herbs. They cured him; made him well; and now, while he writes these lines, this invitation to yourself, he cannot express how much he admires, how much he values, these as medicines; nor can he, on the other hand, sufficiently tell his hatred to those deleterious articles usually prescribed as medicines; those articles purchased at apothecaries, whose basis is poison, and which cannot possibly have curative powers, but are calculated only to engender disease and enfeeble man's frame.

About ten years back the Herb Doctor had the Rheumatism; lost the use of all his limbs; could not move any part of his body; was completely paralyzed. He again, from the herbs, obtained a cure.

Five months, only five months from this date, April 14th, he again was attacked with a severe cold; it settled on his breast; he had a dreadful cough; could scarcely breathe; had severe pain in the breast; spit blood, and had hectic fever, and profuse night sweats. This he brought upon himself from his over anxiety to cure the many thousands who flocked to him. He ardently devoted himself to this work; entered into it heart and soul; was up most of the night and the live-long day; he entirely lost sight of self. His own health was forgotten; and from this forgetfulness he now suffered. He lost his appetite; his strength was gone; his flesh was fast wasting away; he became so emaciated, that his family were alarmed; his friends thought he could not live one week; he feared so too; he never was half so bad before; he really looked worse than any of the thousands of patients he had to prescribe to; and yet, with all his suffering and feebleness, he could not get any rest. Such numbers flocked to him, that scarce a single hour could he devote to sleep all the day. What had cured him once he commenced to use again, viz. that Indian Cough Medicine which he recommended with such unbounded confidence to thousands. This he tried once more. It again restored his health; it again was triumphant, conquering Consumption as it has in thousands of instances. And if tried, perseveringly tried, it will in millions more.

Reader! these are facts, although to you they may seem simple. Let me ask the question, does the mineral doctor, when he is sick, use the same remedy he prescribes to his every-day patients? Show me one any where, in hospital or college, if you can, who cures himself. They fear, when disease fastens its iron grip upon them, to touch their own deadly remedies. It is then *they* look for relief to *Herbs*, and that man amongst their lists who more inclines to the *healing* than the *killing* art, is the one the Physician is sure to send for. Do you think there is any thing superior or even equal to herbs? Is there not enough to cure every disease? Look around you, see every spot of ground is filled with them; see in your own yard, at your very door, they grow. If you pull them up, others will fill their places. 'Tis vain for you to try, you cannot destroy them. Grow they will, in spite of all your prejudices, and the trampling of unhallowed feet upon them. What does all this prove? Why is there such a vast abundance, such an infinite variety of herbs? Does it not prove a fatherly care? HE knoweth our weak frame, how prone to disease, and kindly, abundantly provides the antidote. Every disease has its appropriate remedy; every disease requires a different treatment. This is why the Herb Doctor prepares such a great variety of medicines, one for each disease. Reader, put no confidence in any man's pills or syrups if he recommends them for *every* disease. Fear to use them lest they make you worse. Beware how you use any thing obtained at Druggists or Apothecaries. Do not, for safety's sake, buy an herb from *them*. They have so many things that will take life, that it is exceedingly dangerous to use any thing from their stores. Some poisonous powder, nearly invisible to the naked eye, may have got mixed, either from accident or design, and you, in using what you think only a simple herb tea, may be sacrificed.

Sixteen years devoted to the investigating of Herbs, has enabled me to make many useful discoveries. I have been endeavouring to get useful information from any, and every source. I have read all

the Botanic works I could lay my hands upon. I have conversed with all the old women and nurses who used herbs. I have trudged through swamps, prairies and forests, have been among the Indians, and got many of their cures. But the best of all information I obtained from an old manuscript of an old herb doctor which I providentially got hold of. I received more real practical information, more recipes, more cures, from this, than from all the other sources put together. This manuscript I had some time in my possession before I knew its value. From it I found my Indian Cough Medicine, my remedy for Rheumatism, my Indian Blood Purifier, and cures for nearly every disease. In it was penned down his treatment, his success, how the untutored Indian preserved *his* health, and how he cured disease. He had been years among the Indians, and when disease showed his appalling front, he had no drug store to fly to to get his medicine. In the forest and the field he procured an all-sufficiency. This manuscript I have found a priceless treasure; this has enabled me to cure some thousands, and now makes me anxious to preserve my own health, so as to cure, if possible, not only thousands, but millions.

During sixteen years I have been prescribing medicines to thousands, and know not of a single instance, where my preparations have been used as directed, in which they have failed to have a good effect, unless it were a case where strong mineral medicines had been used, and the debilitating effects of these poisons with the disease, had completely destroyed the constitution.

I send this circular to inform you that there *is* an Herb Doctor. You know there are thousands of *mineral* doctors. But remember, in this whole city, and throughout this whole continent, there is only *one* Herb Doctor. I send this to let you know that the Herb Doctor is willing to undertake all and every case after these thousands of mineral doctors have given them up as incurable. He has been in the city more than a year, and has been inviting the worst cases, the *incurable* ones, to come and be cured. To make his invitation have weight, and be more acceptable, he offered to undertake all cases on the terms of *no cure, no PAY!* He is still willing to undertake on these terms. Do not stay away. Come, every one of you, come with all the haste you can. Come to the

HERB DOCTOR'S DISPENSARY,

At No. 4 South Seventh street, near Market.

If you are under a physician, do as a goodly number do. They, being afraid of affronting the doctor, and not wanting to use any more of his medicines, seeing they only make them worse, and having a desire to try *medicine* instead of poison, come slyly to the Dispensary, get the Herb Doctor's medicine, and use it carefully by direction. The doctor's powders and drops are thrown into the fire or out of the window. He still attends, sees his patients mending, which they continue to do, till well. He takes the praise of effecting the cure, and none knows to the contrary, but the Herb Doctor and the recovered patient.

You can never come amiss at the Herb Doctor's large laboratory. The work is constantly going on. None of his preparations are suffered to get out entirely. Thousands of bottles are constantly

filling the places of the thousands carried away. It makes no difference what is the nature of your complaint, at his Dispensary can be found, ready put up, the remedy, and one, too, that cannot possibly injure; one that will surely ease, if it do not entirely cure.

We can show abundant testimony from numerous persons who have tried these medicines. We will cite a few.

This testimonial was written by a gentleman in this city, viz: our esteemed fellow-citizen, Colonel Geo. W. Williams, one of the original friends and lovers of the *revered and illustrious Jackson*. He was of the committee which brought the President from Baltimore in 1833, and was so severely injured by the occurrence of an unfortunate accident upon that occasion, as to be deprived of the use of his right arm ever since. Read the following certificate from the Colonel, and be convinced; for the "truth is mighty and will prevail."

TO THE AFFLICTED.

"I was troubled with one of the most stubborn and painful chronic diseases of the right arm for the past twelve years, caused by a contusion which I received at the landing of President Jackson at the Navy Yard in June, 1833, being one of the committee, with the Hon. Geo. M. Dallas, and others, who brought the General on from Baltimore. After having had the attendance of several of our most respectable physicians for more than half that period of time, and the advice of several others, during which my arm was blistered and leech'd repeatedly, and was laid open and treated with great severity by the use of caustic and other applications, for the purpose of removing the flesh from the arm and wrist; the sinews, tendons, ligaments, and nerves, of the inside of the right arm and wrist, have been made bare to the bone, and I have been confined to my room at different periods, for several months each time; put under a regular course of medicine, and salivated until I became a mere skeleton; all of which did me little or no good whatever.

"After that I tried Swaim's Panacea for several months, but finding no relief, I was induced to try Marshall's Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla. After taking some fifteen or twenty bottles with no apparent benefit, I was persuaded by Mr. John Real, then a watchman of Spring Garden, to try the skill of a celebrated doctress, a Mrs. Holmes, in Tenth street, above Noble. I complied with her instructions, using her ointments and washes for several months without any material benefit. I then quit her, and was persuaded to try another female, who lived at Frankfort, said to be a curer of every body who went to her. But after travelling to Frankfort once or twice a week for three or four months, and deriving as little benefit as I did from either of the previous remedies, I quit, and was persuaded to call on a German Doctor, a Mr. Neff, in Eighth street, above Wood, and went to him until his death, and afterwards to his widow. I have since been using the same ointments, which, with setons or issues has been the general treatment, with occasional blistering and leeching for the past three or four years. Having given up all hope of ever being permanently relieved by either doctors or doctresses, and finding that the arm began to have a scrofulous appearance, and that the long continued use of issues and inflammations were fast destroying all the secretions of the arm, and particularly those of the cartilage of the

wrist joint, and rendering my arm and fingers quite stiff and useless; in this situation I made up my mind to call on the Herb Doctor, and see if he could do me any good. From my interview with him I was induced to try his medicines. To my great surprise he has effected a wonderful change. The flesh has grown on my arm, and the sores are removed with no other loss than the use of my wrist joint, which was materially injured by the issues and inflammation before he began his treatment. I am induced to give this certificate, in order that the afflicted may know where they can find a medicine that will cure them, if they can be cured; and that he who has toiled in Nature's garden, to discover the medical qualities of her remedies for the diseases of suffering humanity, may be compensated for his labours and skill in the art of healing.

"G. W. WILLIAMS,

No. 15 Race St."

The above-named individual is still using the Herb Doctor's Indian Blood Purifier, to remove the mercury and all other impurities out of his system, and to make the cure a permanent one.

THE HERB DOCTOR'S INDIAN BLOOD PURIFIER

Is the most efficient purifier of the blood in the country, and is prepared in several different manners, suited to the different diseases it is recommended to cure. The above was prepared for the cure of Scrofula or any kind of sore; and every day we are hearing of the most wonderful cures performed by it.

Samuel Hall had been afflicted for more than twelve years with the Scrofula or King's Evil. It first made its appearance by swelling in the glands of the neck, followed by blotches and open ulcers filled with matter, all over his body. Then it broke out on one leg. The sore had jagged, uneven sides, and continued to increase in size until the leg from the knee down, was too frightful to look at. It appeared, to use the language of one of the neighbours, "like putrified liver." It also affected his eyes so that he could not bear the light for weeks together. He was under the care of several physicians for more than twelve years, but none of them could do him any good, but left him, each one of them, in a worse state than when they commenced with him. They all pronounced his case to be hopeless. Then he commenced to use the Herb Doctor's Indian Blood Purifier. It is almost impossible to describe the appearance of the leg when he commenced using the Purifier. From the knee down to the upper part of the foot, it was a mass of corruption. The stench arising from it was so great as to make it extremely disagreeable to be in the house with him, and as much as a pint of foul matter would run from it in a day.

He had not used the Purifier one week before a change was perceived in him for the better. He continued using it, and in a short time he was perfectly sound from head to foot. A short period before he commenced using this medicine his wife threw out the poultice from off his leg, and one of the hens eat of it. This communicated the disease to the bird, and it broke out in sores all over, and died in a few days. This circumstance is mentioned to show the corrupt state of his leg.

Charles Levis, a preacher, belonging to the Society of Friends, is witness to this cure. He lives in Upper Darby, only a few miles from the city. It was there, at Darby creek, the cure was performed.

"This is to certify, that I have been afflicted for the last three years with a complication of diseases, so said the various doctors of whom I have received attendance. I was under, for the last three years, ten or twelve doctors in the city of Toronto, Upper Canada, without much, or but very little success. I had also advice of Dr. Dillingbaugh, of Buffalo. The ground or foundation of my complaint was said to be an inflammation of the Liver and Kidneys, with an affection of the Spine; in fact, a general derangement of my whole system ensued. I was so reduced, and in such misery, that I could not rest at night for the extreme pain I had in my left side and across my loins; it made me so weak that I was scarce able to walk by day. In addition to the various medical aid I resorted to, I had taken some thirty or forty bottles of the Phœnix Bitters, and some number of boxes of Moffit's Life Pills, without much, if any, relief. Worn down with disease, and sickened by taking medicine without obtaining that relief I stood in need of, I despaired of ever recovering my health, until, in August, 1845, on a visit to the city of Philadelphia, the place of my nativity, on walking one afternoon up Filbert street, I discovered the Herb Doctor's shop, where he so liberally offers to cure all diseases on the terms of "no cure no pay." I entered, stated my complaint. I then, too, was troubled with a cough and spitting of blood. The Herb Doctor recommended to me a bottle of his Indian Cough Medicine, which at first seemed to increase the cough, but to my surprise it soon relieved me of that part of my malady. Finding that my health was somewhat relieved, I resolved to return to Canada and bring my family on here, for the purpose of undergoing, myself, a course of the Herb Doctor's Medicines.

"On my way back to Canada, while in the city of Albany, I was called to visit a friend, and administer the sacrament to him before he died, as his friends had no hope of his living many days. He was in the last stage of consumption. I parted with him, never expecting to see him again in this world; but before I parted with him I divided my medicine with him. When I returned in four or five weeks, my friend, who was dying with consumption when I saw him last, was, through the blessing of the Almighty on the Herb Doctor's medicine, entirely recovered, was out of danger, and all thought a little more of his medicine would make a perfect cure.

I was back in about five weeks, since which I have been undergoing a course of the Herb Doctor's Indian Blood Purifier and Cathartic Powder, with other necessary teas. The recovery of my health is such, that I can rest well at night; my strength is gradually returning; I can eat quite a hearty meal's victuals without hurt, which I could not dare to do three months ago; and I have every reason to believe, through the assistance of God, and strict attention to the Herb Doctor, I shall regain my health again. But if not entirely cured, there has been already a miracle wrought on me by the Herb Doctor. Any one will say so who saw me last August, when I first arrived in this city—I owe it to the Herb Doctor's

Indian Blood Purifier, and other necessary medicines applied by him. I can be seen at any time at No. 53 Currant alley.

JOSEPH P. TURNER,

From the City of Toronto, Canada, West."

The above certificate is from a preacher of the Gospel, belonging to the Methodist Episcopal church.

Since the above person gave this certificate, his health has improved greatly; he does not look like the same man; the sickly look has left him; he has become quite smart on foot; has increased so in flesh as to be quite fat, and every day or so he is sending some one to be cured. This very instant, while I write this, a person has come in who says she lives near Joseph P. Turner, at No. 41 Currant alley; her name is Juliana Harris. She has suffered dreadfully with Rheumatism all this year. She has taken a great deal of medicine, and was so helpless as not to be able to dress herself. Last Monday she got a bottle of the Herb Doctor's Purifier prepared, suited to Rheumatism. This she took internally, with his embrocation to apply outwardly, and now, on Friday, only four days afterwards, she comes rejoicing, saying, "if I had a hundred dollars I would give it you—you have done me so much good. I can now dress myself—I am fast getting well."

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

John Marshall, cooper, at West Philadelphia, had the Rheumatism for a long while. I believe for seven months he could not put on his coat without help, or use his arms with any satisfaction. He used the preparations of the Herb Doctor, the internal and external remedy. Thus the disease was attacked on both sides, and he soon got well. Andrew Carney, late grocer, near the wire bridge, told the other day of a relation of his, Ann Carney by name, who was entirely helpless with the Rheumatism. She was full of pain, and had to be turned in a sheet. She used the Herb Doctor's medicine, and in an incredibly short time was perfectly cured.

Sarah Jane Cunningham, at Manayunk, a weaver in one of the factories, had the Rheumatism in her feet and other parts so badly, that she could not do anything, and nothing would relieve her until she used the Herb Doctor's medicine. In a week's time she was able to resume her occupation.

The Herb Doctor has cured at least a thousand cases of Rheumatism during the last year; some were entirely helpless; and fresh news are coming from every quarter.

So certain is the Herb Doctor of curing every case of Chronic and Inflammatory Rheumatism, that he is willing to undertake the very worst and most hopeless cases—those who have tried every remedy and all physicians in vain—on the terms of **NO CURE NO PAY**. He has seen many very bad cases, and cured every one he undertook; but never has he seen or heard of any one who suffered so severely as he himself suffered. There are more who have the Rheumatism, who need not despair if they use the Herb Doctor's remedy for Rheumatism, his Indian Blood Purifier, prepared for this disease, and with it his Embrocation. They may rely on a cure. It is impossible for it to fail. Price of Purifier, \$1. Embrocation, fifty cents. With it they must use a decoction of black Snake

Root and Pipsissewa; and, if costive his Rheumatic Pills, twenty-five cents per box.

The Herb Doctor has a medicine called the Indian Specific, which is positively the best medicine in the country for any disease of the bowels. If this preparation were not infinitely superior to any other article for these diseases, he could not offer them on such liberal terms. Read the following advertisement from the Daily Sun. This shows the spirit of his advertising—it is a call to merchants and store-keepers from a distance, to come and get the medicines, so as to stop the ravages of Dysentery, and other disorders of the bowels. You may judge whether it is a strong appeal to the merchant or not. If you know of one from a distance, please hand him this pamphlet, directing his attention to this advertisement. The Herb Doctor is determined to leave no stone unturned—to use every exertion to cure, if possible, all that is curable, and that too by the simple Herb Medicines. He believes the day is not far distant, when the gifts of God, the blessed healing herbs, will be more prized—when they will be all that are looked to as medicine—when the giver of poisons will be ashamed to show his worse than guillotine head—when man will be more exempt from disease—when his days will number at least fourscore, and he will stand erect, of manly size, full of nerve, a being of health; when pale faces and palsied limbs can no where be found:

“To Western and Southern Merchants, and Business Men from every quarter.—Every one of you are now called upon to visit the Herb Doctor—he has a medicine called the Indian Specific. It is of the utmost importance that you should all take a supply with you to the different sections of country to which you belong. You well know what scourges the Dysentery, Bloody Flux, Summer Complaint, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, or other disorders of the bowel are. If you desire that none should die of these complaints; if you wish to be a blessing to your neighbours, to keep death out of your own family and thousands of families around you—if you are a philanthropist, come, I charge you, come, and get the Herb Doctor's Indian Specific. Do you ask the question, will this Medicine cure these diseases? I tell you candidly,—it has never failed! Never! Never! In the most hopeless, despairing cases, after physicians have exhausted every means known to them, after patients have laid weeks, when there was no prospect of a cure, and the disease had taken that fearful turn, consumption of the bowels; then, at this critical period, this wonderful medicine, this gift of God, was used, and health again was obtained. The Herb Doctor feels constrained to urge it upon you, if you wish to have an easy conscience to rest upon your bed at night, feeling you have done good, not to neglect to call before you leave the city, and get this medicine. If you neglect it, and you see this disease again making its ravages amongst you, how will you feel? It will come to your mind thus, Well, I could have prevented this, I could have saved my child, I could have saved my wife. You will think of this, many of you, when you are dying.

“Hear! hear all the world! Hear the liberal terms the Herb Doctor offers this medicine upon. If it fails to cure in the worst cases after every hope has fled, after the patient is so reduced that the bones have worked through the skin, from long confinement to bed—if it fails after physicians say it is absolutely impossible to

cure, then, on such a failure, if it has been used according to direction, in every case I promise to return double the cost of the medicine. All last summer I offered it on these liberal terms; and for twelve years have I offered it on the terms of NO CURE, NO PAY. Thousands have blessed the day they used it. Every merchant may offer it on these terms, and if it fails return the money.

"It should be had in every family; every house far and near should have it, and if any person, young or old, has any derangement in the bowels, immediately use it. It is only prepared for diseases of the bowels, and for them it is an absolute specific. It was among the Indians the remedy was first discovered; from them the recipe was obtained. It is my wish that the bills of mortality should be considerably lessened this summer; and to aid me in this good work I call upon every well-wisher in the United States. We have large quantities prepared, and are ready to fill all orders from every section. As soon as you read this notice, come, or if it be impossible to do so immediately, then make a note of it in your memorandum book, and as soon as convenient call at No. 4 South Seventh street, near Market."

To prove to every one more fully the surprising efficacy of this medicine in diseases of the bowels, I will just state its effect in a few very bad cases that have come under my observation. I was buying from a countryman along Market street, some butter and eggs. I saw lying in his wagon one of my bills. I asked him what he was doing with that. He answered, "Oh, that tells about an Herb Doctor who is doing wonders. That bill was thrown in my wagon a few weeks back, and as soon as we got it my wife went around to him, and told of our child who was taken with a complaint in its bowels early last spring. It continued with something like a summer complaint for several months, getting worse and worse. No medicine that we could get hold of, although we tried a great many, would benefit the child; all seemed to make it worse. The physician's skill seemed entirely baffled; it was the most miserable creature in the world; it had been so long confined that the bones had worked through the skin; we had long given it up as incurable, and had been looking for it to die for weeks, and would have been pleased to see its sufferings ended by death, as we had no expectation that any medicine or any physician could raise our dying child. This account my wife gave to the Herb Doctor. He told her, 'it makes no difference how bad your child is—all I ask is, that it is alive when you get home. If it is alive, and you give the medicine to it according to direction, if it does not make a perfect cure, and restore the child to the best of health, I promise you to return double the cost of the medicine.' Well," continued the delighted father, "she got a bottle; to our surprise it helped the child wonderfully. She got another bottle, and it entirely cured him; he is now well, perfectly well." Then he asked me if I knew any thing of this Herb Doctor. I told him I thought I knew some little about him, for I was the man himself. When I told him this, he shook me heartily by the hand, and said he would call upon me.

A few weeks after, he called in a miserable plight, shaking nearly to death with the Ague. He got a bottle of the Ague Medicine. Two weeks after, I saw him again; he was entirely cured, and I s remained so all the winter, until this day, Saturday, March

28th, 1846. He was at the store this day, and said his child continued perfectly well since last August. When my medicine cured him, it was in March; at that time it was taken sick and remained six months under the disease, the mineral doctor poisoning and torturing it all the while; one dollar's worth of the Indian Specific cured it. The name of the father is Henry Dewees, near Spring Mill, Montgomery county, Pa. The poison doctor sent in his bill the other day for attendance, and had not done the child the least particle* of good. His bill was \$76 50. He gets the fee, but the Herb Doctor cures. Ye who want to be robbed as well as murdered, employ a mineral doctor. Ye who want to be cured as well as save your money, may go to the Herb Doctor.

Another remarkable case of a wonderful cure occurred last summer. The child of —— Townsend, of Bradford, Chester county, had been bad for several weeks with the Summer Complaint—the doctor attending upon it all the while, and it getting worse every day. When he left home to come to this city, he did not think the child would live until he returned. The family were all hanging round the bed looking for the child to die every moment. He came to the Herb Doctor through the recommendation of Jones Shenneman, who was cured by the same. He lives in Tenth, near Market street, sign of the Black Bear. The medicine was sold to him on the terms, that if it failed to cure, he would return to him double the cost of the medicine. When he got home the doctor had just left there, and had left to be given to the child, powders composed of calomel and opium. He told the neighbours it was impossible for any doctor or any medicine to cure the child, and that it would die that night or the next day. He commenced giving my medicine the same evening, and when the doctor returned next morning, the child was so much better that it was able to set up at the window. The doctor was surprised. "What," says he, "have you been giving that child?" They showed him the bottle. "Oh!" says he, "the Herb Doctor's medicine—I know him—he makes good medicine." They saw no more of him for five days, and then the child was running about perfectly cured.

When the father again came to the city, he called on the Herb Doctor, and gave this account, calling for another bottle; when he paid the price of it, fifty cents, he said it was worth \$5, and if he had known of it sooner, it would have saved him \$9; that is what the doctor charged him, and did him no good. I want this to stand on my shelf, in the closet, to have it ready in case it is needed.

— Naylor came to me one day last fall, and said, "My brother, who is using your medicine, and is getting better every day, has been urging me again and again to come and try your medicine for consumption of the bowels. My child has been confined to bed for a long while. We have had a doctor attending upon it, but it has grown worse and worse under his treatment. He has given it up at last as incurable; he has quit giving it any more medicine, and says there is no use in doing any more for it; it is impossible for it to live; there is nothing in the world can cure it; it cannot last more than a day or two longer, and there is no use in punishing it any more by giving it medicine, when we know it can do no good." I told him my medicine would certainly cure him; I would undertake his cure on the terms of "No Cure, No Pay." He got

the medicine, a few bottles of it, and used it; then he quit coming for any more, and we did not hear from him for some months. One day he was passing by the store; he stopped in, and says, "Well, I thought I might as well stop and tell you the effect of that medicine I got for my child. It has cured it; the child is well, is hearty—it is quite fat." The store was full of persons getting medicine at the time he told this, and they spoke out, and asked, "What was the matter with your child?" He answered, "it was dying with consumption of the bowels; it was the most helpless, miserable sufferer that could be; the softest pillow was too hard for its weak, suffering body; its little bones had nearly worked through the skin; I would gladly have seen it die, but still it existed, barely breathing. The doctor still came, and looked at it occasionally, but would not give it any thing. When it was thus low, we gave it the Herb Doctor's Specific. The doctor came; I did not tell him I had given it any thing. He looked, thinking to see the child dead, or just breathing its last, but was surprised to see a change in it for the better. 'Why,' says he, 'that child seems better—that is strange. I had no expectation but to find the child dead.' He called again, still seeing an amendment, and he was more astonished, and gave it as his opinion that it might get well. 'Who would have thought,' says he, 'that the medicine I gave it would have taken effect.' The child got well, and the quack poisoner does not know to this day that it was the Herb Doctor who cured the child, and not his poison." The father promised to give me a certificate if I cured his child, saying he loved his child exceedingly, and would pay me handsomely, and advertise the cure if I accomplished it. He has forgotten his word—he has not given me a certificate—and I have reason to believe what prevents him from doing so is the fear he has of his family doctor. He is afraid, if it comes to his ears, he will send in a bill not lessened in amount because his friend the Herb Doctor made the cure. The doctors generally take good care to tack it on to them if they find they have been using the Herb Doctor's Medicine.

Last fall Samuel Turnbull, blacksmith, from Manayunk, came after a bottle of Specific, for his sister. She was badly troubled with a Dysentery, or some complaint of the bowels. After he got the bottle, says he, what induced me to come to you for medicine, was this: My helper, Robert Clark, was sent for in great haste, to come to his mother, as she was dying. The doctor said it was impossible for her to get well, and if he wanted to see her alive, he must come immediately. He started for Darby, the place where his mother lived, taking good care to call on the Herb Doctor before he went to his mother. He got a bottle for her, and began to give it to his mother unknown to the doctor. Now the Herb Doctor's medicines are what all medicines ought to be. They have curative powers; they, if given to the sick, will always do good; and, though Robert Clark did not tell the doctor he was giving his mother medicine, the medicine told itself, by its wonderful healing effects. The doctor saw the change, and demanded, what have you been giving the sick woman. The guilty medicine prepared by the Herb Doctor, which had committed the foul deed of nearly curing the dying woman, had to be brought from its hiding place, and shown to this filler of graves. He was highly incensed, and in a rage whirled on his heel and left them, and sent in his bill of

\$15. The medicine cured her, and when I got the account she was well and hearty.

I think it unnecessary to say much more about it, though I could tell of some thousand cures of Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, &c., &c., but as I want room to tell of other useful medicines, I will leave this for the present, and tell briefly of a few medicines that my long experience has enabled me to prepare.

TO CURE THE PILES,

There are Ointments, Salves, Embrocations, Washes, &c. These, according to the say-so of the newspapers, are infallible cures. All physicians know they proceed from a diseased state of the liver and stomach, and it is easily seen that ointments cannot reach the starting point of the disease; neither will purgatives be of any account; it is most frequently from some of the cure-all pills that this disease dates its origin. The Herb Doctor prepares a remedy which he considers infallible, and finds no difficulty in making others believe the same, for he offers it on the terms of no cure no pay—it is his INDIAN BLOOD PURIFIER. This is a certain cure for Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, and if used with his Anti-Costive Pills, never fails in curing the worst cases of Bleeding, Blind, Internal or External Piles. With the above is used his Pile Ointment and Herb Decoction.—These four preparations give immediate ease, and in all cases a perfect and radical cure follows.

Ellen Wainwright, Norristown, Pa., suffered for 30 years with this troublesome disease. She tried various remedies, but nothing would relieve her in the least. She came to the Herb Doctor to get cured. Her case being one of the worst kind, the Doctor would not flatter her with the prospect of a speedy cure; he told her his Indian Blood Purifier would certainly cure her, but most probably, as she was so bad, and had suffered so long, it would require more medicine than she would be willing to use; it might even require twenty bottles to entirely remove the complaint. Although thus discouraged, she commenced its use, got the Purifier, with the accompaniments, and strange as it may seem, two bottles effected a cure. She followed school teaching, but had to give up the school on account of her ill health, and despaired of finding a remedy. Now she is well; last Saturday, we received this account. Every day we are hearing of numbers cured by our treatment.

Thomas Rodgers, in Coates street, between 13th and Broad, has laboured under Dyspeptic symptoms, was very costive, and kept very miserable, getting worse for more than twelve years. About two years back he took a violent cold, and was troubled with a bad cough, extreme shortness of breath, soreness of the throat, spitting of blood, with a great deal of heavy yellow phlegm and corruption; he had hectic fever, and profuse night sweats; the bed would be wet under him, and he was getting weaker and weaker, fast wasting away with Consumption. He heard of the Herb Doctor's medicines; he used his Indian Cough Medicine; this cured him of the cough, spitting of blood, night sweats, &c.; then he used the Cathartic Powder and Indian Blood Purifier; this cured him of Dyspepsia, made him perfectly regular in his bowels, and restored his health.

